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The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke*

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PACIFIC CHRISTIAN SCHOOL

HOME ACRES

A SENSE of pureness in the air,
Of wholesome life in growing things;
Waving of blossom, blade and wings;
Perfume and beauty everywhere;
Sky, trees, the grass, the very loam—
I love them all; this is our home.

God! make me worthy of Thy land
Which mine I call a little while;
This meadow where the sunset's smile
Falls like a blessing from Thy hand,
And where the river singing runs
'Neath wintry skies and summer suns!

Million on million years have sped
To frame green fields and bowering hills:
The mortal for a moment tills
His span of earth, then is he dead.
This knows he well, yet doth he hold
His paradise like miser's gold.

I would be nobler than to clutch
My little world with gloating grasp;
Now, while I live, my hands unclasp,
Or let me hold it not so much
For my own joy as for the good
Of all the gentle brotherhood.

And as the seasons move in mirth
Of bloom and bird, of snow and leaf,
May my calm spirit rise from grief,
In solace of the lovely earth;
And tho' the land be dark or lit,
O, let me gather songs from it!

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

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THE STRUGGLES OF LIFE

WHEN we are young, how easy life seems! We have our ideals and our ambitions. When the time comes, and we have finished our school days and perhaps a few years of gayety, we shall accomplish something! It will be simple. We shall find out what we want to do, and we shall go forward on that road. We have only to decide what to do, and when to begin, and to move with high hopes and see the fulfill mentof our plans. We shall give the world what we meant to give it.

As life moves on, ours becomes the backward—not the forward look. How different all this has been! We have given the world perhaps something worth giving, but a very different something from what we had planned.

At first we had our dreams and started on the road lying so straight before us; the goal seemed to be easy of attainment, but how elusive it was! As we moved on, we found such unforeseen obstacles, such insurmountable barriers; we had to turn aside, and when we had turned aside we lost sight of it. It was there, but hidden from our view. We found ourselves often doing only what we could, not what we would.

Perhaps it was marriage which seemed beforehand no obstacle to the attainment of our ambitious hopes; but when we had crossed the threshold, when household cares fell to our share, when little voices sounded in our ears, when every hour was filled to overflowing and night found us tired, we had taken no steps on the road we had chosen.

The days had been full perhaps with happy hours, but one day was like another; our strength was only equal to that one; the grand ideals of our youth were not fulfilled.

To others come less happiness after the marriage. To some come ill health for themselves or financial worry or sorrow or suffering

to those they loved, which is the worst of all. The ambitious goal forgotten, they struggle onward, trying to face their difficulties with courage, but there is no superfluous time or strength or thought for the great things of life. Every hour is full, all thought given to the everyday existence. The help to the world, whether art, charity or science, has been forsaken.

Others have the care of the home, the aging of the dear parents. They have no wish that it should be otherwise, yet when those cares are over the abounding vigor, the joyous spring of life, has gone and to begin then to reach the goal seems hopeless: it is too late. They have to live out their lives in small duties, small attempts to help others to lead lives not unworthy; but there is no great achievement. They realize life will end as it has begun, without the glorious sense of success and the praise of those around them. They try not to look back; they know they are doing what is right; yet they have days of wild rebellion because it is never given to them to have the chance to win what others attain so easily—the goal of their dreams of long ago. The others, whose path seems so easy, had planned no more than these had planned, but their road was not beset with difficulties; they were not turned aside by barriers whether of joy or pain, but pressed rapidly onward and before it seemed possible their ambitions were realized. No family cares, no business pressure, ill health or poverty had hampered them; they were admired by all. Because they had succeeded they were applauded, they were received as benefactors of their race. Why this distinction? Perhaps some day the key to the riddle will be found—not now.

Ah! often their road had not been easy; but they had set their teeth and plodded on. Many would have stopped and given up,—would have declared they had tried and the failure was not their fault, but that of fate,—but they knew they could win if they looked not back at the struggles behind and not far ahead while the path before was too long, but only where their feet must be planted, and only upward for inspiration and courage. In silence they had won. And when the applause came they were at first amazed, until they looked back and remembered how long and hard the way had been.

Still there are a few who seem destined to succeed—who have the elements of success, and seem to have with them a certain magic wand before which all difficulties vanish. Happy indeed are they, but they are the exceptions.

To most of us, although life is absorbingly full of interest and often of pleasure, as the years go by, at best it must be full of struggles. If we can only learn to gain new strength and knowledge from our difficulties, the path may grow easier, not harder, as we move on our way.

Some are hardened, made cynical by their reverses. They are deeply to be pitied, for they carry an added burden which will not only make their own lives harder, but will turn many from them who might be friendly. Others sink discouraged, and carry a gloomy, sad spirit with them.

Many there are, also, who have been unconscious of any definite goal. Events shaped their lives and they adapted themselves to events. At first life was to their taste, afterward it was often quite the reverse; but they accepted each phase as it came, and through their years ran ever the thread of a silver cord—the will to help others over hard spots, to lay aside their own desires and pleasures at any call of distress from those they loved. In many ways this has meant self-sacrifice, but it has also given them a glow of feeling which has made it worth while. They will never realize half their achievements, for they have not thought of themselves, nor pictured any goal for their own ambitions.

If we could only remember after each trial how hard it was for us to conquer fate, then we might realize that the pilgrims moving on about us are facing trials too. If each would hold out a helping hand to the other, how much easier life would become for all.

What is more helpful than human love and kindness, either given or received? They who turn from this wonderful help and struggle on alone are like men blinded in battle, facing life without seeing half its beauty, only feeling their way.

At any rate, let us not despair: we may have won out on other lines than those we had planned, and perhaps the path we are forced into is more suited to our feet than the one chosen by ourselves in the days of our joyous youth.

A. B. Coolidge.

The teacher had written 92.7 on the blackboard, and to show the effect of multiplying by ten rubbed out the decimal point. She then turned to the class and said, "Now, Mary, where is the decimal point?" "On the duster, miss," replied Mary, without hesitation.—*Tit-Bits.*

"So you really think your memory is improving under treatment. You remember things now, then?" "Well, not exactly, but I have progressed so far that I can frequently remember that I have forgotten something, if I could only remember what it is."

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass. Tel. Granite 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary that letters be written with ink.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share towards a friendly understanding.

REQUESTS

1. Mrs. Pearl Martin, Wadesboro, N. C., Route 1, asks for picture books and cards for her five-year-old girl.

2. Mrs. Aubrey Shelton, Dodson, Va., Route 1, will be thankful for old magazines after they have been read, especially the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Her girls (five and seven) will be glad of story books and cards.

3. Mrs. J. P. Puett, Lenoir, N. C., has recently lost her husband. She asks for something to read.

4. Mrs. Kate E. Gilley, Spencer, Va., Route 3, lives on a farm; her health is such that she scarcely leaves home; reading is almost all the recreation she has. With eight children, she has little to spend for good reading. The eldest girl, Lillian, is fifteen and in the seventh grade; she will appreciate suitable reading. Then the other children, two girls (five and seven) and two boys (one and three years), will be glad of anything suitable.

5. Mrs. Bula Davis, Tolar, Texas, writes: "I have moved and my address, formerly Granbury, will be Tolar, Texas. I have lost the address of the lady sending me *McCall's*, which I should like again this year, also the *Delineator*, and reading for my two boys (twelve and sixteen) and a girl of ten. Thank you for past favors, which I am glad to pass on.

6. I would be glad to get quilt pieces, cards, and good reading matter, especially the book called "The Flaming Forest"; would return it in good shape. (Mrs.) H. A. Thompson, Farmville, Va., Route 5, Box 67.

7. I would be thankful for any kind of patchwork pieces, also good reading matter, and would like for someone to lend me "The Flaming Forest." I would return it in good condition. I give for reference Rev. Hagar Cumberland, Court House, Va. (Mrs.) H. R. Payne, Farmville, Va., Route 5, Box 19.

8. I should be very glad to receive the *Woman's Home Companion* for the year 1904. It had a special series of articles dealing with the patriotic societies in America. The series including: The United States Daughters of 1812, The Colonial Dames, The Daughters of the Revolution, and the Daughters of the American Revolution are the ones desired. (Miss) Lottie B. Reed, Athens, Maine.

9. I wish to thank those that have sent me papers and things to read. I have a special request: If any of you have "St. Augustine's Confessions" or any of his writings, or "Justin" or "Polycarp," or any helps on Bible Study, any of the Pilgrim Press Graded Lessons, I certainly would appreciate them. Benjamin F. Capps, Hendersonville, N. C., Route 1, Box 112.

10. Should greatly appreciate books and magazines. Also I would like to correspond with some *C. L.* friends. I am a girl, aged twenty, and live in the country about five miles from any town. I hope to hear from someone soon. (Miss) Annie Saunders, Tellico Plains, Tenn.

11. I am a young married girl. I would be glad to correspond with some of the sisters. I would like to receive the book entitled "Edith Lyle's Secret," also the *Ladies' Home Journal*. (Mrs.) Andie Starkes, Malakoff, Texas, Route 2.

12. If it is not asking too much I would be glad to have some novels to read, also some cards and pictures for my boy and girl, three and five years of age. (Mrs.) Viller Hartsog, Clifton, N. C., Box 56a.

13. I am the mother of six children; the youngest (nine-month-old twins) keep me confined pretty close. The eldest are girls (seven and nine years) and go to school. The boys are three and six years old, so you see I do not have much chance to get out from home. We live on a farm ten miles from town. I am very fond of good reading. I would appreciate very much the *Delineator* or *People's Home Journal* after they have been read, or any other good reading. Would also appreciate story books and picture books for the children. I am thirty years old. We do not have a pastor at present. Mr. N. R. Edwards, Virginia Christian College, Lynchburg, Va., was our preacher last summer, but is in school this winter. (Mrs.) W. H. Davis, Spencer, Va.

14. I shall be very glad if someone will send me some good books of fiction to read. (Mrs.) Flossie P. Schools, Newtown, Va.

15. Would appreciate the *National Geographical Magazine* of 1902, and *Ladies' Home Journal*, 1902. Please accept many thanks for these books. (Mrs.) G. M. Lavin, Rockingham, N. C., Route 3, Box 35.

16. Would appreciate it very much if someone would send me the *Pictorial Review*, the *Delineator* or some good magazine after reading it. Would also be very glad of quilt pieces and the second book of "Anne of Green Gables." (Mrs.) Tom Hancock, 1213 English Street, Station C, High Point, N. C.

17. I am sixteen years old, live on rented land and am poor; I would like to receive the following books: "St. Elmo," "Theodosia Ernest," and "In His Steps." I am not able to buy them, but will return thanks. I do not know the authors of the books, but am told they are good. Viola Boyd, Decatur, Tenn., Route 4.

18. The twins certainly have enjoyed all that has been sent to them. Their names are Johnnie and Martha. One has dark hair and the other light; both have dark brown eyes. I want to thank each and every one many times for the picture cards and magazines and books I have received; also for the scraps for patchwork. (Mrs.) N. E. Russell, Polkton, N. C.

19. I would like some good reading and some picture books for my three little sisters, aged twelve, nine, and eight years. Verna Thornton, Pera, Va.

20. I wish to thank all you good, *Cheerful Letter* friends that have remembered me in the past, and I hope you will remember me in the future. I am not very strong and do not get out much. I would be so thankful for remnants of any kind for my quilts. (Mrs.) B. J. Hall, Dodson, Va.

21. Mrs. J. T. Allen, Malakoff, Texas, Route 2, with five children and in poor health, asks for reading for herself and family.

22. I am a little girl, eight years old, in the third grade. I study hard at school and like my teacher, also my books, but I just love dolls. Will some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends send me some paper dolls that will stand up? Also some for my four-year-old sister Maud, and one for brother, aged six years? I want to have a birthday party June 16, also a dolls' tea party. Jessie E. Patton, Lansing, N. C.

23. I am coming to you for help again as I haven't received anything from the *Cheerful Letter* friends in a long time. If not asking too much, I would like some bits of crochet thread or knitting cotton and a few patchwork pieces of any kind, thanking you in advance. My husband is in bad health; we get very lonely here amid the mountains. I hope to be remembered by the friends. (Mrs.) Mary J. Roberson, Elamsville, Va., Box 32.

Died in Seattle, Wash., October 22, 1922, Douglas Rosaan. He was a cripple—confined to his chair for six years—and a correspondent of the Arlington and Cambridge (First Parish) *Cheerful Letter* Committees.

SOME OTHER WOMEN'S COOKING

We made bread yesterday, and last month, and last year. Other women made bread one hundred years ago, five hundred years ago, a thousand years ago; and that was not the beginning of this simple, everyday home industry. Far, far back in the earliest times of which written history tells us, women were in the same pleasant, homey business.

Let us look at one of the oldest of all the stories that most of us have in the house—the eighteenth chapter of the Book of Genesis. The housekeeper of whose hospitality that story tells lived in a tent made of goat's-hair cloth that she had spun and woven with her own hands.

Her flour—or meal—was probably barley, which she had ground by crushing it between two stones. She made the meal into dough by wetting it with goat's milk. The "hearth" on which she cooked the dough was very likely just a flat stone made hot by having a fire kindled on it. Brushing the hot coals to one side, Sarah used such a stone as we might use a frying pan to cook a thin piece of "hot bread." We hope that Abraham and the stranger guests found it good!

It makes the women of long, long ago almost as real as our own friends and neighbors when we think of their doing practically the same work for the same useful purpose.

In ancient times, the same as now, there were some women whose housekeeping was done on a grand scale. We get a glimpse of the way in which the wife of a rich man could provide for a whole troop of hungry soldiers, if we read the twenty-fifth chapter of the first Book of Samuel, where capable Abigail, by her wise generosity, undid the harm wrought by her bad-tempered husband. The list of her gifts sounds appetizing even today, as we read the eighteenth verse. We wonder how she prepared those figs.

There is another story of bread-making in the Old Testament, an old, old story that everybody in Palestine used to know. Jesus reminded the Nazareth neighbors of that particular story the day when his first sermon was preached in the village synagogue. We can read it for ourselves in the seventeenth chapter of the first Book of the Kings. The bread in that tale was, without much doubt, a thin flat cake of dark-colored meal. Swedish housekeepers make something quite like it this very year.

But women also made "light bread" or "raised bread" many centuries ago. When Jesus met the people in little Palestine villages, his talk about the religious life was continually connected with plain, everyday affairs and so made easier to understand. He spoke once about the way a housekeeper uses yeast to make bread rise: you can find that in the thirteenth chapter of Luke's story.

Our own American bread is sometimes made of barley and rye, but not very often. Indian corn and wheat are what our families like best. How we wish that the Indians who first raised yellow corn hundreds of years ago had left us stories of their wigwam cookery! But we have to imagine those for ourselves, since the first owners of our lands wrote no books.

Where the Bible—in our English translation—speaks of "corn," it generally means any kind of grain that could be eaten; sometimes it means wheat. In the one hundred forty-seventh Psalm the Hebrew poet speaks of wheat as a blessed luxury, sent by God for man's comfort.

Wheat was cultivated by the farmers of Nazareth and Bethlehem hundreds of years ago. And the farmers' wives used to tell the children, who hung about, watching the cookery, how wheat had grown wild in the beautiful Garden of Eden where the first man and woman lived.

It sounds like a fanciful story, but modern travelers tell us that wheat (which is really a kind of grass) does still grow wild in parts of the Asiatic land of Mesopotamia, the land where Abraham and Sarah were born. So our wheat flour that we use in our own kitchens this very year is only the latest chapter in a long story of bread-making, which began in the Far East before there was ever a book on this earth.

ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP

Once upon a time there lived in a far-away part of China a young man named Aladdin. He was walking along the street on a sunshiny morning when a stranger asked him to go out into the country to see a beautiful garden. Aladdin thought the stranger a very odd looking person, but he seemed kindly and generous. He provided a delicious luncheon of cakes and nuts and sweet things, such as Aladdin had never tasted in his life.

"I want to show you a marvelous sight," said the stranger, when they had enjoyed their luncheon and walked on, beyond the gardens, to a thick forest. "Get some dry sticks and build a fire on this rock."

Aladdin did so. The stranger threw a strange powder into the flames and pronounced some foreign words that the youth could not under-

stand. Then he realized that the stranger must be a magician, for this is what happened: the earth trembled and partly opened at their feet, disclosing a flat stone with a ring-shaped handle by which it might be lifted.

"Open that trapdoor," ordered the magician, "and go down into the great hall to which it leads. Put this ring of mine on your finger: it will keep you from harm. Go through a garden full of fruit trees, and beyond the garden you will find a lamp hanging from a wall. Put out the light, throw away the oil, and bring the lamp itself back here to me."

Aladdin opened the trapdoor and went down some stone steps below. They did lead to an underground hall, then another, and another. He crossed a garden whose trees bore fruit of every color in the world, glowing and shining. At the far end of the garden he found an oil lamp—not anything great to look at: he wondered why the magician was so anxious to get it. He blew out the light, poured away the oil, and tucked the empty lamp into the front of his shirt, for he wanted both hands to gather fruit from the trees. He went back slowly, his hands full of treasure, and found the magician waiting above the trapdoor.

"Give me the lamp at once. Hasten!"

"I have both hands full. I will give it to you after I am out of this cave," said Aladdin. He had begun to be a bit afraid of the stranger.

"Now!" demanded the magician.

"I can't. I won't," said Aladdin.

"Then stay there, obstinate youth," snapped the magician. And he threw down the stone trapdoor, shutting the young man into his underground prison.

This was a terrifying situation. All was black as the blackest night. He could find no splendid halls, no gardens; he was simply in a hole in the earth. He felt about everywhere in the dark but could find no way of escape. Hours passed—he could not tell how many; but after a long time he chanced to rub with his hand the lamp that had been tucked into his shirt.

Instantly a strange genie (a sort of giant fairy) appeared in the cave, bowing low before him. "What wouldst thou have, master? I am ready to obey thee as the slave of the Lamp."

Aladdin ordered: "Take me out of this place at once. I would be at home again."

He never quite understood how it was done, but all at once he found himself at home, just as if nothing had happened—no, not quite the same, for he had the old lamp safely tucked inside his shirt, and a few of the garden-fruits were in his pocket; he had dropped most of them in his dismay when the wicked magician let the trap fall.

"Where in the world have you been?" asked Aladdin's mother. "You must be hungry. Alas, I have been so busy with my work and my grief for you that I have no dinner."

Aladdin rubbed his finger on the lamp and the genie appeared again. His queer form, like a huge column of black smoke, seemed to fill the little cottage. Aladdin's mother fainted with terror.

"What wouldst thou have, master? I am ready to obey thee as the slave of the Lamp."

"Bring me something to eat."

Aladdin had barely time to help his mother to consciousness, when, all at once, servants appeared bringing magnificent silver dishes, full of every sort of food that heart could wish. The genie himself had vanished. Aladdin's mother, feeling better, had her share of the feast.

Aladdin said nothing at first about the many-colored fruits he had gathered in the underground garden; but he went to some shops where silks and jewels were sold to the rich and great, and discovered, by comparison with the shopmen's wares, that his pockets held rubies and pearls, sapphires and emeralds, splendid enough for a prince. And that gave him an idea. He, too, with such a genie for his slave, might be rich and great. And a rich youth might possibly be so lucky as to marry the sultan's daughter, the most beautiful damsel in the whole country.

Once more he rubbed the lamp. Once more the genie appeared, terrible and yet meek. "What wouldst thou, master? I am ready to obey thee as the slave of the Lamp."

"I would have a gift worthy to offer the sultan as a suitor for his daughter's hand in marriage. Let me have forty golden trays, each heaped with the finest jewels and carried on the head of a servant dressed in splendid stuffs of silk and rich embroidery."

In a moment the little house and yard were quite filled with the gorgeous messengers. They formed a procession and went to the sultan's palace, where the head servant offered the gift as a token of respect from one who wished to marry the lovely princess. The sultan received the gifts as coming from some mysteriously powerful prince, and sent the giver a message saying that his daughter must have a suitable palace provided for a home before he could think of parting with her.

Again Aladdin rubbed the lamp. "What wouldst thou, master? I am ready to obey thee as the slave of the Lamp." And Aladdin called for a palace suitable in splendor for the dwelling of the loveliest princess in the world.

In a single night the palace was built. It had banquet rooms and rose gardens, stables full of handsome and spirited horses, wardrobes full of garments of gorgeous satin and velvet and lace. The sultan, visiting the palace, thought it quite worthy of his royal daughter and he gave his consent to the wedding, which was promptly

celebrated with great rejoicing and festivity. And all the time nobody but Aladdin and his mother—not even the happy bride—knew of the existence of the wonderful Lamp.

All this time, the evil magician who had meant to own the Lamp himself, had been on some black business in a far quarter of the earth. But he heard of Aladdin's marriage and came to the town disguised as a peddler.

One day Aladdin had gone out a-hunting, leaving the princess-bride for a short time with her maids. The pretended peddler walked past the palace with a pack upon his back, crying, "Old lamps for new ones! Who will change old lamps for new ones?"

The princess heard about him through one of the maids. "How strange to offer such a bargain," said she. "The fellow cannot be in earnest. And we have no chance to try him: all our palace lamps are new."

"Nay, your royal highness," said another maid. "There is one worthless old lamp in my lord your husband's room. Shall I fetch it?"

"Do so," said the princess. And she, quite unconscious of harm, sent the lamp out to the magician, receiving in exchange a shining new one, worth only a copper coin!

Then it was the magician who rubbed the lamp with wicked satisfaction.

"What wouldst thou, master?" asked the obedient genie. "I am ready to obey thee as the slave of the Lamp."

"Carry Aladdin's palace and all who are in it to the middle of Africa," demanded the evil enemy. And it was done.

Sad and horrified was Aladdin when he rode homeward and found no home, no princess-wife —only a space of bare ground where his palace had stood with its rich apartments and its flowery gardens. But he remembered the ring that the magician had put upon his finger when first sending him down into the cave of wonders. He turned that ring upon his finger, and another genie appeared. "What wouldst thou, master? I am ready to obey thee as the slave of the Ring."

"Carry me to the place where my palace is," said Aladdin, "that I may rescue my beloved wife."

So Aladdin in another moment found himself in far-off Africa, standing below the window of the princess's own room. There she saw him when she looked out. She told him what the wicked magician had someway contrived to do; and Aladdin in his turn told her the secret of the wonderful Lamp. Then, knowing the secret, she searched for the talisman and found it. The wicked magician died in disappointment. Aladdin and his young wife, once more in possession of their treasure, had the palace borne back home by the genie, and there they lived happy ever after.

IRRESPONSIBLE PEOPLE

THE disadvantage of bearing the reputation of being financially irresponsible is obvious; and people who are not mentally incompetent do not conduct themselves in such a way as to gain that reputation. Yet there are many who seem to feel that it is no discredit to be irresponsible in other respects—in the matter of fulfilling engagements, answering letters, taking care of their desks or their clothes, performing the allotted task at the appointed hour, giving hearty and whole-souled effort to their work; sometimes it seems as if they thought that to be irresponsible in such ways conferred upon them a certain grace and charm. Occasionally we do meet people who, by reason of their whimsical and unexpected behavior, are entertaining; but at least nine out of ten irresponsible persons do not charm, do not amuse; rather, they annoy and irritate. For their irresponsibility is nothing more than a manifestation of selfishness; they go through the world trying to avoid trouble and bother, and work, and inevitably they cause trouble and bother and work for others.

Then there are people who, though generally showing a proper sense of responsibility in their actions, are given to irresponsible speech. The most careful housekeeper may be an irresponsible gossip—and so may the most prudent business man. The spreading of hearsay anecdotes is seldom harmless in result, however innocent it may be in intention. It is better to show interest in your neighbor than to excite interest about your neighbor. You can always do the first without doing the second. Too many people choose the wrong thing to do.

Why is it that to be called a "responsible" member of the community carries with it a suggestion of heaviness as well as of worthiness? The responsible citizen is quite as likely to be vivacious and brilliant as the irresponsible; and the irresponsible may be as dull as anyone else. Responsibility really means a sense of balance—a recognition of our duty to the community and of the duty of the community toward us. In such recognition there is nothing incompatible with gayety or high spirits.—*The Youth's Companion.*

In the juvenile arithmetic class the teacher asked the children to raise their hands if anyone made a mistake. Willie raised his hand and waved it frantically in the air. "Sammie Wright said that seven and five were twelve," said he in disgusted tones. "Well, what is it?" asked the teacher. "I don't know," was the honest reply, "only I know it ain't twelve, for six and six is twelve."

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also *letters offering to give books, magazines, etc.*, should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

See special suggestions under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George G. Saville, 30 Woodward Avenue, Quincy, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters asking for music* and *letters offering music* should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 35 East 30th St., New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Avenue and 20th St., New York City.

There is more and more interest in "community" or neighborhood singing.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 76 Edgemere Road, Quincy, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and eighteen libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. Francis Hastings, Kendal Green, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

Notice to those who give:—

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

To those who receive:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one ask for money or for clothing in the columns of this paper. The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

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